



SIMMONS'

THE SYMPTOMS of Liver complaint are uneasiness and pain in the side. Sometimes the pain is in the stomach, and is mistaken for rheumatism. The stomach is affected with loss of appetite and sickness, bowels in general constive, sometimes alternating with lax. The head is troubled with pain, and dull, heavy sensation, considerable loss of memory, accompanied with painful sensations of having left undone something which ought to have been done. Often complaining of weakness, debility and low spirits. Sometimes many of the above symptoms attend the disease, and at other times very few of them; but the liver is generally the organ most involved. Cure the liver with

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A PREPARATION OF ROOTS AND HERBS, warranted to be strictly vegetable, and can do no injury to any one. It has been used by hundreds, and known for the last thirty-five years as one of the most reliable, efficacious and harmless preparations ever offered to the suffering. It cures regularly and permanently, it is sure to cure Dyspepsia, headache, jaundice, costiveness, sick headache, chronic diarrhoea, affections of the bladder, camp dysentery, affections of the kidneys, fever, nervousness, chills, diseases of the skin, impurity of the blood, melancholy, or depression of spirits, heartburn, colic, or pain in the bowels, pain in the head, fever and ague, dyspepsia, boils, pain in back and limbs, asthma, erysipelas, female affections, and bilious diseases generally.

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where can be found at all times the finest confectionery, the best Ice Cream, Luscious Fruits, both foreign and domestic, at wholesale and retail. Also a fine assortment of Cakes always on hand. A share of the patronage is solicited.

R. B. RICE, Middletown, Del.

June 3-ly

TO PEACH GROWERS.

THE undersigned would respectfully announce to the peach growers of this vicinity that he will be in the market for all good orchards of peaches, and will buy on the order of

JAMES C. NORRIS, ESQ.

AT THIS PLACE. He will also ship peaches on consignment for parties and guarantee them for every week.

A. T. BRADLEY, Agent for Jas. C. Norris.

Select Poetry.

THE YOUNG WIDOW.

She is cunning—sometimes witty,
Free and easy, but not bold;
Like an apple, ripe and mellow,
Not too young and not too old;
Half inviting, half repellent;
Now advancing, and now shy;
There is mischief in her laughter,
There is danger in her eye.

She is studied human nature;
She has schooled in every art,
She has taken her diploma,
As the mistress of the heart;
She can tell the very moment
When to sigh and when to smile,
Oh, a maid is sometimes charming,
But a widow, all the while!

Select Story.

PETER CRISP.

A Comic Episode of Italian Travel.

Colonel M. and myself descended from the cabriolet of a vehicle, wherein we had been conveyed since daylight, at a miserable little inn on the road to Naples, when, to our consternation, at the same moment the *lady* of our Roman sojourn emerged from the interior, took out his phrase-book, and, regarding to himself the needed sentence, approached a fat, cross-looking woman, his fellow-passenger, and offering his arm and a *louis-conv* *provenance*, *Milane* began to stride with her up and down the road before the door, while the horses were drinking. There have been many quaint chapters written on horses, but the traveling bore has never been adequately described. He has a singular advantage over his *confreres* who stay at home, inasmuch as the claim of a common nationality—especially before the title of American continental travel had grown so full and pervasive—is one not easily repudiated; and, on the strength of it, if the victim be a good-natured man, an unlimited amount of intrusion and extortion may be practiced with impunity. It was on these grounds that Vernon, than whom a more thorough gentleman and agreeable companion cannot be imagined, had suffered himself tacitly to accept, in the double capacity of *attache* and *postage*, a little pretentious and ignorant fellow-countryman, a sign engraver by trade, who, having prospered in his calling, became ambitious to see the world and make what he called the *grand tour*. It was a mooted question whether the pleasure of Vernon's society, prized as it justly was, compensated for the vexations incident to that of his companion; and whether the latter were not, on the whole, counterbalanced by the amusement his absurdities occasioned; but practically the matter was settled by the laws of good-fellowship, which made us patient under an infliction that would otherwise be unmitigated to our amiable and accomplished countryman. To leave him to the tender mercies of Crisp would be anything but fair play; yet had we conceived the idea that he would follow Vernon to Naples, and secretly obtain a seat in the same carriage, we should long ago, in self-defense, have had recourse to the cut direct. However, we consoled ourselves with the resolve to quietly give him the slip on our arrival; and meantime beguiled the way by recalling Peter's ridiculous manoeuvres at Rome, which, we agreed, would furnish a play-wright with abundant materials for a farce, if not a comedy.

The first time we ever saw him was one morning when he appeared at our lodgings in search of Vernon, who could not hide his mortification at being thus discovered as an involuntary bear-leader. Peter Crisp was a dapper little man, with a face curiously made up of material shrewdness and complacency, with a fussy manner and affectation of style in dress which only served to emphasize his vulgarity. Vernon was ill when he encountered him at Lyons, and became indebted for services then and there rendered, which made it seem ungrateful not to accept his proposition to become his *compagnon de voyage* and act as his interpreter of foreign lingo. By the time the poor fellow reached Italy he repented of his acquiescence; and at Elme appealed half comically and half in earnest to our forbearance; so that when Crisp came jauntily in and claimed acquaintance with us all, first as fellow-countrymen and then as friends of Vernon, we resigned ourselves to the penance with a good grace. "Some of you gentlemen," said he, with a patronizing glance around, "are invalids, I believe. No doubt you have found it hard to take exercise in these dirty streets. I have discovered a fine walk, and will show you the way whenever you like. You will go to a square near here, and up a flight of steps, and there are clean paths in plenty." This offer of the freedom of the Piazza, and the novelty of the information, at once enlightened us as to the veracity of our uninvited guest. Carriages were now announced for the day's

excursion, which included a visit to the English Cemetery and the Forum. Of course Crisp took possession of the vacant seat, and Vernon exchanged looks of dismay with us as we rolled through the Piazza d'Esperia. Sauntering among the ruins for an hour, we saw Crisp standing apparently spell-bound before the arch of Septimius Severus, and gazing at the entablature under a double eye-glass. Regarding this as a piece of mere affectation, and yet curious to know what he had made of the Latin inscription, we approached the archaeological enthusiast, who exclaimed with professional zest: "Them ancients cut letters well!" Scarcely had the smiles excited by this original commentary subsided, when, speaking of Shelley and Keats, whose graves we were about to visit, the former name caught the ear of Crisp. "Ah," he said, "is Shelley in town? I had made a memorandum to call on him." And when we reached the pyramid of Caius Cestus, he ostentatiously transferred to the back of a letter the lines from the Tempest, on the slab which covers Shelley's heart, as an original epigraph written by Lord Byron; and when, returning, Shakespeare happened to be mentioned, he shook his head and gravely observed, that from all he had heard, the bard "was very wild as a young man." Crisp's one political idea and national watchword was General Jackson. He challenged a comparison with him beside the sarcophagus of Scipio and the tomb of Hadrian; he proposed substituting the battle of New Orleans as a subject of the bas-reliefs on the column of Trajan, and shouted the name of his hero on the most inappropriate occasions, and to audiences ignorant thereof, with a complacency and a confidence that were amusing to us and bewildering to them. When hundreds of Italian voices were selling a favorite *penn* before the curtain, "Hurra for Jackson!" was the incongruous cry intermingled with those euphonious plaudits; and many a stolid Englishman became pugnacious when summoned to compare the old Roman of Tennessee with Nelson and Victoria. In vain was Peter reminded that the poor Capuchin he bullied, and the sarcastic beggar who improvised jokes at his expense, understood not a word of English; he only talked the louder, and rivalled Reppo, the lame mendicant on the Piazza steps, every time he passed him, in vociferous and unintelligible objections. Despite remonstrance, he insisted upon going to hear the Miserere, at the Sixtine Chapel, in a green frock coat; and when the Swiss guard lowered his halberd and declared in black dress coat and gloves were required for admission, he looked gravely in his face, the speech having been translated—and replied in English: "Whatever you may think of this coat, I wore at a levee of General Jackson." But on this occasion the name served as a password. For the soldier, thinking he claimed the privilege of military rank, raised his spear and answered apologetically: "Ah! *general* *passez*; and doubtless to this day Crisp imagines that etiquette was waived in his favor out of respect to the old hero's name. Not for a moment did he forget to draw invidious comparisons between Rome and New York—Fleas he considered as an offset to pictures; Orviato wine was contemptible beside Albany ale; the oysters were detestable after Shrewsbury and Saddle Rocks; and a Broadway omnibus the grand locomotive desideratum of the Eternal City. He contrasted the mole-like process of the busy excavators at the Forum with the Celtic drain-diggers of the American metropolis; and his one note was calling the climbing devotee of the Ara Colli stairs the *plus ultra* of superstition. He sighed for Wall street in the Via Appia, and declared if once Mayor of Rome he would whitewash all the walls and ruins, and drive the street-crowlers, in-laws, abolish saints' days, and expel the order of income and game; prohibit itinerant musicians, and substitute antirachic and farnaves for peripatetic *soldatini*.

It was funny to hear Crisp's art comments. He used to con his guide-book, and then extemporize in the galleries. One day he glanced hastily at the catalogue, and mistook the description of a Psyche for that of Venus emerging from her abductions, in the next vestibule; and when a group of visitors passed before the former, volunteered to enlighten them: "This," said he, "is one of the most remarkable statues in Rome; it represents Frisky a-coming out of a bath." He exhibited what he asserted was a bust of himself—a declaration only sustained by the pug nose and the smirk. "Instead of paying a thousand dollars to Powers," he remarked, "I ordered this, at an alabaster shop on the Lung' Arno, for eighty; and do you know why it looks so lively? I found out that the way to get a good expression when sitting to an artist, is to imagine yourself some great man in a great fix. When I sat for that bust I thought myself Napoleon crossing the Alps." He was indignant at the mutilated antiquities, and called them a "sell," especially the Hercules torso in the Vatican, and a copy of the Venus de Milo. "Who wants to see a man's belly and shoulders?" he asked, and "Why don't you put arms on that woman?" He laughed at fellow-countrymen who paid five hundred *scudi* for an "old master," a foot and a half square, when he had bought a young one, six feet by four in dimensions, for fifty; and displayed with great complacency a fragment of delf—part of a broken plate left by an English lunch party at Pompeii—as a bit of ancient pottery which, despite the vigilance of the guard, he had

supernaturally conveyed away as a trophy relic. Ludicrous were the mistakes arising from Crisp's improvised Italian. One day when dining at a by-way *osteria*, his dry face and spattering led to the discovery that, having perceived that cloth tea, and various other commodities, when called for of English quality, were superior, he took it for granted that the adjective *Ingles* was the magic word to evoke from shopkeeper and landlord the best of their stock; and, on this occasion, finding the salt very dingy of aspect, he thought to substitute a purer article by shouting for *sale Ingles*; whereupon he was, after much delay, served with an ounce or two of Epsom salts, and had flavored his soup therewith to such a degree that its bitterness excited frequent anathemas against the Italian *cuisine*. When at a loss for a word he consulted his dictionary, and being ambitious to inaugurate an old-fashioned Christmas dinner at the "Lepra," he made a list of the ingredients of a plum-pudding, and anticipated the agreeable surprise which would delight the party, owing to his secret order to the chief cook. Unfortunately, however, Crisp had either forgotten or knew not how to direct the cooking of the rich materials, which, to his dismay, and our diversion, were served in a crude and liquid state in an enormous tureen. But the climax of his against Italian *viande* arose from his mistake at night to Italianize our vocabulary by some euphonious vowel termination—an expedient he had found successful in more than one instance when balked in attempts to make himself understood by the urbane natives. A sound of violent altercation greeted our entrance to the *terrazzo* one day. Crisp was seated flushed and swearing—not according to the hearth, but the Christian vocabulary—flourishing a napkin indignantly and gazing with despair upon a plate of indigo. It seemed he desired turkey for dinner. Instead of *gallinaccio*, the legitimate Italian for that precious domestic bird, he had ordered persistently *tur-chino*, notwithstanding the shrugs of the waiter, who was so accustomed to his eccentricities as to believe him capable of any diet, and therefore after vain remonstrances, had taken him at his word. One morning the *Caffe del Greco* was crowded, but above the hum of conversation, and through the dense cloud of tobacco-smoke, rose a voice well known to our little breakfast party, importantly crying "*bravo, bravo, bravo, bravo*!" Every one looked up from the toast and coffee; every pipe was withdrawn; the waiters grinned; the John Bull laid down *Gallinaccio*, the Italians paused in their game of dominoes, and ardent arguments were brought to a sudden end. The leader and most frequent growler in the party, and all peered curiously toward the vociferous quarter, until he begged the reluctant Vernon to go and stop his noisy *pedage*, who, when asked the meaning of his exclamations, replied, "Why, did they not call out *bravo* and *avanti* at the opera when they wanted a thing over again? I want another cup of coffee, to be sure." This explanation circulated at once, and an Englishman of our acquaintance came positively towards us with his hands pressed against his ribs. "Gentlemen," said he, "that countryman of yours will be the death of me. I sat beside him in the parquette last night, and although I assured him over and over again that my eyesight was excellent, and I was using it to the best advantage, he continued to thrust his sharp elbow into my side, with a 'Look there!' every time the *bellierina* made a pirouette, and the consequence is, I am sore and black and blue; and this morning he has spoiled my digestion by making me laugh, while eating, over his preposterous but elegantly gotten up notebook, wherein, among other impressions of travel, I read this—"*Item*, The Vatican built by several Popes prior to the French Revolution."

At Naples, as usual, Crisp quartered himself upon Vernon. One day that victim of his own good nature, looking up from his writing-table, beheld his abum at the window of their common sitting-room going complacently through an enigmatical pantomime. Placing his hand on his heart, he bowed and smiled, then crossed his arms for an imaginary embrace, and ended by lifting up his eyes as in adoration, falling on his knees, and waiting kisses from his jeweled fingers. Vernon was mortified and alarmed, on approaching the window, to find that, overlooking the *palazzo* of a well-known and highly respected marquis, and that half a dozen *gambus*, a street musician, a water-carrier, a soldier, and a friar were watching Crisp from the opposite sidewalk. "Attend to your own affairs," was the latter's irritable answer to Vernon's remonstrance; "I've been reading about this country; this is the way they make love; you have frightened away a pretty woman who was doubtless on the point of reciprocating my advances." At that moment a knock was heard at the door, and in walked the landlord, pallid and trembling, with two gendarmes. "O Signore!" exclaimed the frightened Boniface, "I am a ruined man; the Marquis has complained to the police that his wife has been insulted by one of my guests, and a warrant for his imprisonment has come." All the possible scandal of his adventure flashed upon Vernon, while the gay *Leprario* became agitated and speechless. His more self-possessed companion resorted to a deeper expedient; taking the landlord aside, he whispered that Crisp was mad, and that he should take him by steamer that afternoon to Leghorn and put him in charge of the American Consul, to be sent home. A colloquy with the *gendarmes* ensued;

an explanatory message was sent to the Marquis; and the result was that, after an hour's suspense, the officials retired with a shrug of compassion, and murmuring, "*Povero Americano—pazzo per amore!*"—Scribner's Monthly.

For the Middletown Transcript.

MIDDLETOWN, DEL. July 24, 1871.

Me. Editor.—Should you visit "Fox Hole," which is situated on Sasasassa River, and about 9 miles from Middletown, you will find it to be the most desirable place, so close to us, for day-pleasure seekers.

A party of 23 young persons, between the ages of 13 and 20, left Middletown on last Saturday for the purpose of visiting that place, and there to spend the day in crabbing and fishing; and they left in great anticipation of the pleasure awaiting them. As soon as they arrived at the wharf, the crab lines were cast and soon they caught a peach basket full of these pets. After they had tired crabbing, the party retired to the woods, where a sumptuous dinner awaited them, and soon they could be seen "going for" the delicacies in a style that denoted intense hunger. After dinner croquet was proposed, and as they were well prepared for that game, the party retired to the banks of the Sasasassa to see who could beat, or cheat, in a game or two of croquet. The first game was played very quietly by one division of the party, but soon they showed signs of fatigue and were missed from the rest. On proceeding along the banks one could see three of them, seated on a fallen tree, and the way in which the ladies reeled and talked seemed to say that they did care to occupy it, no matter what *Price* it was. Further on, in near the same position, were two couples, apparently in full bloom, or at least one of the ladies thought so, for she looked *finney*. Another of the young ladies, of a *Mollen* disposition, glanced *Mad* ward so often that we thought she was interested that way. The party were soon assembled to partake of refreshments and while they were indulging in such, you could have seen a company of three young ladies and one gentleman; and some one seeing them made the remark, "*Howell* that do for high!" but he cared not, and seemed to defy *Justice* to her face. One young gentleman, from the hearty laughter he indulged in, seemed to have *Barred* the door of the famous intruder; while the *Lone* close by was not at all hard to explore.

Further description could be given, but space in your valuable paper forbids it. However, allow us to say that this was one of the most agreeable parties that has visited that delightful place this summer, and should any one doubt the description of the place, they should "see how it is themselves." Yours, &c.

FEEDING HORSES TOO MUCH.—Of all our domestic animals there are none that require more systematic care in feeding than the horse. A horse should be fed regularly and in moderate amount, and when worked he should be worked judiciously. A horse fed in this way may be kept at a moderate cost, and will be more healthy and perform more labor than if fed lightly, or as high as many we know of are in the habit of feeding their horses. Horses will certainly eat any amount to injure them if they can get it. When hay is kept constantly before them, horses are apt to spend time in throwing it around top-sy-turvy in the rack; they soon become dissatisfied with their food, and lose their usual keen relish for it. The general practice should be to feed regularly three times a day.

Uncle Sam, a down-east farmer, known far and wide by his patriotic tie, had a neighbor who was in the habit of working on Sundays, but after a while the Sabbath-breaker joined church. One day our friend met the minister to whose church he belonged. "Well, Uncle Sam," said he, "do you see any difference in Mr. P— since he joined the church?" "Oh, yes," said Uncle Sam, "a great difference. Before, when he went out to mend his fences on Sunday he carried his axe on his shoulder, but now he carries it under his coat."

Two good-natured Irishmen, on a certain occasion, occupied the same bed. In the morning one of them inquired of the other: "Dennis, did you hear the thunder last night?" "No, Pat; did it really thunder?" "Yes, it thundered as if heaven and earth would come together." "Why in the devil didn't it wake me, for you know I can't sleep when it thunders."

It is nice going to some Iowa schools. A lady teacher in Des Moines called a little boy up and made him show how he kissed the big girls in the wood shed. After he showed her, she punished him by making him stay in after school. He says he don't want to graduate for two years yet.

A sailor, looking serious in a chapel in Boston, was asked by a clergyman if he felt any change? Whereupon the old tar put his hand in his pocket, and replied that "he hadn't got a red."

"Shall I cut this loin of mutton saddle-wise?" said a gentleman. "No," said one of his guests; "cut it bridewise, for then I may have a chance to get a bit in my mouth."

STORM-WARNINGS IN THE OLDEN TIME.

The attempt to prognosticate great weather phenomena is nothing new.

From time immemorial civilized society has sought after a plan for averting the violence of the storm and tempest as anxiously as it has sought to resist the deadly approach of the pestilence and the plague.

The Great Plague of London, historians tell us, carried off in a year about 90,000 persons. This was, however, in the rude and undeveloped condition of the medical science, when the metropolis of England had but few hospitals, and every victim was left in his own house to spread and speed the march of the contagious foe. Appalling as such mortality seems for the year 1665, amidst the wretched and squalid dens of the London poor, it has been overshadowed in modern times by a greater calamity. On the 5th of October, 1864, the storm which swept over Calcutta destroyed, in a single day, over 45,000 lives. Yet this is but one of a large number of similar occurrences rivaling in magnitude the great Indian disaster.

To give forewarning of approaching tempests on the coasts of the Adriatic, the Italian and old Roman castles, as described by an antiquary writer, had on their bastions, pointed rods, to which, as they passed, the guards on duty presented the iron points of their halberds, and whenever they perceived an electric spark to follow, they rang an alarm-bell, to warn the farmer and the fisherman of an approaching storm. It is interesting to note that this ancient Italian custom was widely spread over the earth in former ages. And it is not difficult to connect it with those old towers (not only in Ireland, Scotland and Spain, but in Africa and the East, Upper India and China,) in which the use of a similar conductor may have been one among the many objects of those riches of the past.

But, as the title of our article shows, a new element of science has been introduced—the electric telegraph—an invention whose mission of usefulness is destined to unlimited enlargement.

In November, 1854, while the Anglo-French fleet was operating in the Black Sea against the stubborn walls of Sebastopol, the tidings flashed across the wires that a mighty tempest had arisen on the western coast of France, and by the warnings of the barometer, was on its way eastward. The telegram was sent by the French Minister of War, Marshal Vailant, from Paris, and reached the allied fleet in good time to put to sea before the cyclone could travel the five hundred leagues of its course, and disperse or destroy the most splendid navies that ever rode those waters. The storm came with a fatal punctuality to the predicted hour. The Crimea, shaken, ravaged, scourged by its fury, presented everywhere a scene of havoc and ruin in the allied camp more fearful than the fire of all the Russian forts combined could have inflicted. It is perhaps not too much to say that, but for that telegram and its timely storm warning, the congregated navies, far from home and shattered to pieces, could not have sustained the besieging armies, and the event of the great Eastern war might have been different from what it finally was.

So happily, in this instance, did theory (too often despised) blend with fact, that the French War Minister said, "it appears that, by the aid of the electric telegraph and barometric observations, we may be apprised several hours or days of great atmospheric disturbances, happening at the distance of 1,000 or 1,500 leagues."

Less than three years after the occurrence of the famous "Black Sea storm," just mentioned, there appeared for the first time, and in an American paper, a formal proposition for the establishment of a general system of daily weather reports by telegraph, and the utilization of that great invention for the collection of meteorological changes at a central office, and the transmission thence of storm warnings to the sea-ports of the American lakes and our Atlantic sea board.

"Since great storms," says Mr. Thomas H. Butler, in his work on the "Atmospheric System and Elements of Meteorology," "have been found to observe pretty well defined laws, both as respects the motions of the wind and the direction of their progress, we may often recognize such a storm, in its progress, and anticipate changes which may succeed during the next few hours. When it is possible to obtain telegraphic reports of the weather from several places in the valley of the Mississippi and its tributaries, we may often predict the approach of a great storm twenty-four hours before its violence is felt at New York."

On the coast of the kingdom of Italy mariners are forewarned that a storm threatens them by a red flag hoisted on all the towers and light-houses of the principal localities, ranging from Genoa to Palermo, and thence up along the Adriatic. On the most dangerous points of the coast of England, where the fishing-boats and small craft that perform the service of the coast are exposed to formidable gales even during the most promising season, barometers put up by the Meteorological Bureau are at hand to warn the seamen of bad weather.

"Tea punch" is said to be a favorite with Bostonians. The ingredients are one bottle of champagne, one of whiskey, one of rum, two of claret, a lemon, and a table-spoonful of black tea.

Soundings on a bar—trapping for drinks.

The Farmer.

OIL-MEAL FOR COWS AND CALVES IN SUMMER.—When cows are in profit, little extra feed, in the shape of oil-meal will be amply repaid in the yield of milk and butter. It must not be supposed that because a cow is on pasture there is no longer need for stimulating food. The fact is, that with an ample supply of grass, the appetite of the cow for the meal is quite as vigorous as during winter when she was fed on hay. Cows may be very profitably fed with a quart each of oil-meal morning and night. They will lick it up from a trough, if it is made sufficiently large, without waste. When cows are not tied up at night a good plan of feeding them is to have a square box for each cow, and large enough for her to put her nose in easily, and six inches deep. Put the allowance of meal in these boxes. They may be scattered about the yard, at such a distance as will give each animal an opportunity to eat without being driven away by others.

Calves will soon show, in their improved appearance and hastened growth that oil-meal is good for them also. A small handful given them in their pasture daily, will push them forward rapidly. It is well to use a small tin pan to feed them with, and a few minutes spent with young stock daily, is not only an agreeable occupation, but highly profitable; for the more regularly the owner's attention is given to his cattle, the sooner he will perceive anything wrong, and be able at once to remedy it, and a daily visit is seldom made unless there is some express purpose in it. Let the purpose then be to give them a little extra feed, and a double benefit will result.

HOT WATER AND PEACH TREE BORERS.

In the Rural New-Yorker Mr. Chas. E. Neil inquires how to keep the borers out of his peach trees. If he is not afraid of a little labor and time, he can do it effectually by scalding them. Last year, in the spring of 1870, I had a peach tree that set full of peaches; after getting about the size of hickory nuts, they began to drop off and the leaves curled badly and began to drop off until I thought they would all drop from the tree; the ground was covered with leaves. By examination I found the trunk of the tree, just below the surface of the ground, badly bored by the worms, and a large quantity of gum oozed out of the surface. I had no idea I could save the tree, but I inclosed the trunk of the tree with a pipe, and filled it with boiling hot water; it was death to the borers, and the tree had the best and most abounding foliage of any tree on my premises—the largest leaves that I ever saw on any tree of the kind, also a good crop of peaches. No doubt worming is better.

THE OAKS COW.—This cow was owned in Danvers, Mass. and produced, in 1813, 180 pounds of butter; in 1814, 300 pounds; in 1815, over 400 pounds; in 1816, 481 pounds. During this time one quart of milk was reserved for daily use, and she suckled four calves for four weeks each, in the course of those years. She produced in one week 181 pounds of butter, and an average of more than 16 pounds a week for three months in succession. The largest amount of milk given in one day was 41 pounds. She was allowed 30 to 35 bushels of Indian meal per year all her own skimmed milk, and most of her butter milk. At one time the owner gave her potatoes, which increased the milk, but not the butter. In the autumn he gave her about six bushels of carrots. She was an extraordinary cow, but she had extraordinary feed.

TRAINING PEACH TREES LOW.—A

correspondent of the Western Pomologist, who writes from Buchanan county, Iowa, says that he never fails to have a good crop of peaches every year, by a simple process of protection which he employs. He cuts off the young tree sixteen inches from the ground, and allows the limbs to shoot out on each side below, like the rods of an umbrella. By weights or stakes, he keeps them down in a horizontal position, so that the stump is like the hub, and the limbs like the spokes of a wagon wheel lying on the ground. About the middle of August he cuts back one-third or one-half the new wood, with a pair of pruning shears, and late in the fall cuts the whole with corn stalks. In this way the buds are saved. What do our Delaware Peach growers think of this? Will some one experiment on a few trees?

TO KEEP FLIES OFF HORSES.—Peter

Gilbert writes the Rural New Yorker:—"Eljes have been so bad on my horses that I found it almost impossible to work them, so I tried to think of something to stop them. I took smart weed and soaked it in water, and in the morning applied it to the horses with a sponge, all over them, and found the horses to work along without any further trouble. The flies got annoying them in the least."

ACONITE FOR GORRUT.—A

dalryman writes to a western paper, that he had a test spoonful of the tincture of aconite, mixed with bran, and fed to a cow that has garget or inflammation of the udder, will effect a cure, with next to certainty, within twenty-four hours. Says he learned it out of a newspaper, eight years ago, and it has been worth much to him every year since.

A Washington paper says that a few evenings ago two of the most noted women suffragists of that city, with their husbands, went into a restaurant and asked for oysters. The proprietor invited them to a private room, when they declined, saying, "Oh, no! we want to do just as the men do." They went to the bar-box—the quartette of them—and ate raw oysters until the four got outside of two dozen, when they called for four glasses of ale, and drank them down as though they had been used to oysters and ale.

Heart-rending details of the great famine prevailing in Persia have been received in London. The deaths in one province average three hundred persons daily, and the dead bodies, in many instances, have been eaten by the survivors. Men, women and children have been killed to render the supply of food more abundant.

From three to four hundred dollars' worth of counterfeit legal tenders and fractional currency is received daily at the redemption division of the Treasury. It is returned to the senders.

A bank messenger was knocked down on Broadway, New York, on Saturday afternoon and robbed of \$30,000, United States securities.

The Republican State convention of Massachusetts will meet at Worcester on September 24th.

BUSINESS LOCALS.

Just received a lot of No. 2 Mackerel, at \$9.50 and \$10 per barrel. Also, Martin's brand of Kentucky, S. C. Hams, Cured and uncured, of superior quality. We are also selling of Summer Stock at reduced prices.

S. R. Stephens & Co.
Middletown, Del. July 29, 1871.—2w.

NOTICE TO PEACH GROWERS.—Hanson Bros have just received from New York a large lot of Picking Baskets—For sale at manufacturers' prices. Call and see them.

Are you dyspeptic? Do you have chills and fever? If so, use Simmons' Liver Regulator; it will cure you.

A new lot of Insertions and Edgings, Ladies Ties, Laces, etc., at
Hanson Bros.

It is a Tonic and will strengthen you. Reduce the dose so it acts as a gentle laxative, and continue on regularly with Simmons' Regulator, and you will become strong and healthy.

The Ladies of Middletown and vicinity are invited to call and examine the new stock of striped Grenadines, Perals, Flannels, Laces, Summer Poplins, Linen Stuffs, Robe Laines, Prints, &c., just received from the manufacturers and offered for sale at the large corner store by
John A. Reynolds & Sons.

Highest prices paid for wheat and corn on account of James E. Price & Co., by
A. T. Bradley.

Hanson Bros. have just received direct from the manufacturers, a large lot of "Madam Fox's" celebrated Corset Skirt Supporters, which cannot be surpassed for cheapness, durability and ease. Ladies call and examine them.

Ladies' and Misses' fine lasting button and lace Gaiters, and the celebrated Marie Antoinette Slippers, received direct from the manufacturers and selling at their prices.
J. A. Reynolds & Sons.

New Laces, Perals, Prints, Gingham, &c., just received by
Hanson Bros.

Delaware Phosphate Drill, for sale by
A. T. Bradley.

Buy the Diamond State Cheese, the best in the market.
John A. Reynolds & Sons.

Sugar cured hams, dried beef, smoked shoulders and sides, Mess Pork, bottled pickles, chowchow, canned corn and tomatoes.
J. A. Reynolds & Sons.

COLLINS, on Broad street, Middletown, is selling out his large stock of shoes at cost. Great Bargains!

Large stock of Labrador split herring, gillnet herring, No. 1 and 2 shore mackerel, in barrels and half barrels, in store and for sale at very low prices.
J. A. Reynolds & Sons.

Here and Gen glass fruit jars, self-sealing stone jars, tin cans, bottle wax, porcelain lined kettles from 5 to 15 quarts, for sale by
J. A. Reynolds & Sons.

A GERMAN SILVER KEY CHECK 25 Cents; or a Stencil Plate complete, 60 cents sent postpaid. Address
J. E. WOODS, Smyrna, Del.

WANTED, immediately, 150,000 feet of G. M. ELM and POPLAR TIMBER, suitable for making our stave peach baskets.
WORDEN & EVANS, SMYRNA, DEL.

Peach baskets, Crates and Ladders, for sale by
A. T. Bradley.

Jump Chimneys at 6, 7 and 9 cts. for sale by
A. T. Bradley.

Now is the time to engage your Peach Ladders of E. T. EVANS.

100,000 Peach Baskets, for sale by
E. T. EVANS.

Hardware and Woodenware of all kinds for sale by
A. T. Bradley.

All kinds of feed by the ton or bushel, for sale by
A. T. Bradley.

Doty's Washer and Universal Clothes Wringer for Sale by
E. T. EVANS.

Men's French Cut Stuffed Gaiters at W. H. Moore & Co.'s at \$5.00 per pair.

Wanted, 10,000 Bushels of Wheat at highest market price, for act. Wm. Lea & Sons.
E. T. EVANS.

Rambo's White and Kennedy's Lime, for sale by
A. T. BRADLEY.

Try Pontax Flour, the best in this market. For Sale by
A. T. BRADLEY.

Mr. Carmel Locust Mountain Coal, Hickory and Oak Wood, for Sale at Evans' Coal and Wood Yard, Middletown, Del.

Allen & Bell's Sole Drain Tile, constantly on hand and furnished to order at manufacturers prices, by
E. T. EVANS.

BRICK, BRICK!!

All kinds of good hard-made Brick, at reduced prices for sale, at New Castle, located on Board of Cars or Vessels. All orders promptly filled.
JOHN GUYER & SON,
New Castle, Del.
Jan. 26—1y.

OBITUARY.

Died, on the 18th instant, in Warwick, Janie F. Craddock, beloved daughter of Thomas Craddock, in the 18th year of her age.
She was a good, affectionate daughter, loving sister, a kind friend, and good neighbor; always ready and willing to assist those in trouble or distress. She suffered much and bore her sufferings patiently. She died repeating the sweet name of Jesus, Mary and Joseph have mercy on me. She put her trust in God and said, "Oh! my God, whatever is your most holy will is mine, therefore I am content to suffer whatever, and as long as you please." She has gone, we trust and believe, to a brighter home in Heaven.
Then let us sorrow here no more,
God took what he has given;
For another gem the Saviour's crown,
And another soul in Heaven.

SISTERS.
Chestertown Transcript and Cecil Democrat please copy.

Died, at the residence of her Grandmother, Mrs. Susan Ford, on Bohemia Manor, July 14th, Margaret Adelaide, youngest daughter of Lucian M. and Annie M. Bean of Buena Vista, Miss. aged 21 months and 3 days.

She died ere her expanding soul had ever burst with heaven's desires. Had ever spun in the loom of God's control, Or ever quivered in the sacred fires.
She died to sin, she died to care,
Oh mourners, such, the Lord declares,
Such are the children of our God.

THE MARKETS.

MIDDLETOWN MARKET.
CORRECTED WEEKLY BY A. T. BRADLEY.

Wheat, yellow, 1870-71, 1871-72, 1872-73, 1873-74, 1874-75, 1875-76, 1876-77, 1877-78, 1878-79, 1879-80, 1880-81, 1881-82, 1882-83, 1883-84, 1884-85, 1885-86, 1886-87, 1887-88, 1888-89, 1889-90, 1890-91, 1891-92, 1892-93, 1893-94, 1894-95, 1895-96, 1896-97, 1897-98, 1898-99, 1899-00, 1900-01, 1901-02, 1902-03, 1903-04, 1904-05, 1905-06, 1906-07, 1907-08, 1908-09, 1909-10, 1910-11, 1911-12, 1912-13, 1913-14, 1914-15, 1915-16, 1916-17, 1917-18, 1918-19, 1919-20, 1920-21, 1921-22, 1922-23, 1923-24, 1924-25, 1925-26, 1926-27, 1927-28, 1928-29, 1929-30, 1930-31, 1931-32, 1932-33, 1933-34, 1934-35, 1935-36, 1936-37, 1937-38, 1938-39, 1939-40, 1940-41, 1941-42, 1942-43, 1943-44, 1944-45, 1945-46, 1946-47, 1947-48, 1948-49, 1949-50, 1950-51, 1951-52, 1952-53, 1953-54, 1954-55, 1955-56, 1956-57, 1957-58, 1958-59, 1959-60, 1960-61, 1961-62, 1962-63, 1963-64, 1964-65, 1965-66, 1966-67, 1967-68, 1968-69, 1969-70, 1970-71, 1971-72, 1972-73, 1973-74, 1974-75, 1975-76, 1976-77, 1977-78, 1978-79, 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